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A

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE

Dr. Alexander Ingram, U. S. A.

BY

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REV. J. B. McMICHAEL.

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CINCINNATI:

MOORE, WILSTACH & BALDWIN, PRINTERS,

25 WEST FOURTH STREET.

1867.

# DR. ALKEMER'S EXERCISE

## THEORY AND PRACTICE

ALKEMER'S EXERCISE is a new and original system of physical culture, and the first of its kind in the world. It is a system of exercises which are designed to develop the human body in its various parts, and to bring it to a state of perfect health and vigor. The exercises are performed in a simple and easy manner, and are suitable for all ages and conditions of the body. The system is based on the principles of anatomy and physiology, and is designed to be a complete and self-sufficient system of physical culture.

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## DR. ALEXANDER INGRAM.

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ALEXANDER INGRAM was the son of Alexander and Jean Ingram, and the third child in a family of eight. He was born in Macduff, near Banff, Scotland, December 12, 1837, while his parents were on a visit to their native land. In the fall of 1840 they returned to this country with their son and settled near Cincinnati, Ohio. Here he spent his boyhood days, and grew in favor with all his associates as he grew in years. Of him, at least, it could be said, "The boy is father to the man." Under the careful training of Christian parents he early developed those sterling qualities of head and heart, which in after life so much distinguished him as a student, a scholar, a physician, a friend, a MAN. He first attended school in Cincinnati, and prepared for college under the late Mr. Herron, who often said of him, "If all boys were like Alex. teachers would have little to do." It was while attending Mr. Herron's school that the Rev. W. B. Wright met with him, and from whose pen we have the following just and graphic sketch: "I was nearly thirteen when I first went to school. I knew almost nothing of studies with which boys of that age are supposed to be familiar. The teacher led me to a double desk at which only one person was seated, and told me that the vacant part of the desk and bench was to be my 'place.' He left me there to return to his class, and I shall never forget the helpless, confused feeling that came over me as I surveyed the room. Every object seemed strange. My neighbor that sat on the bench with me was a ruddy, blue-eyed lad of my own age. I thought him the handsomest boy I had ever seen. I would have spoken to him but did not dare to venture. Presently the teacher came back bringing a slate and pencil and a book in his hands. He pointed out a number of sums for me to work before



recess and left me. I knew very little about arithmetic, and could make nothing of the sums. The fear of being disgraced made me ready to cry. My bright-eyed desk-mate asked me what was the matter. When I told him he showed me how to solve the problems that baffled me. He was very patient, and succeeded in making the rule perfectly clear, so that my sums were all correctly done before recess. I began to think he was the wisest as well as the handsomest boy I had ever seen. When the bell rang we all went down stairs to play. But I found myself as ignorant of school sports as of school learning. Some of the boys laughed at me for my want of skill, which made me keep apart ready to cry for mortification. My desk-mate came after me and asked me to join in the game. It was 'Follow my Leader.' He was to be the leader. But because I did not understand it, he let them go on with the play and remained with me until he persuaded me to join. I thought then he was the kindest boy I ever knew.

"When he resumed his place as leader, he often led where none of us could follow. It was evident that all the boys admired him for his skill and daring, and I began to be proud of his being my desk-mate and treating me so kindly. When recess was over and the class called to recite, he stood at the head. Day by day my admiration for this bright-eyed, kind-hearted boy increased. We became soon very intimate. He was my first school friend, and when I left the school my sole regret was the thought of being separated from him. He was the only boy I ever knew who, while unmistakably a favorite with the teacher, was equally so with his fellow-pupils. After this we did not see each other for two years. Then we met again, he a freshman, I a sophomore, at Dartmouth College. He had not changed except as the bud changes into the flower. The same qualities of head and heart which had won my love at school, soon made him, as I think he undoubtedly was, the most popular man in his class. He graduated with honor in 1858, and returning to Cincinnati, began to study medicine. In due time he was admitted to practice, and at the opening of the war was com-

missioned as Surgeon in the United States Army. This boy friend of mine was Dr. Alexander Ingram."

In 1854, at the age of sixteen, he entered Dartmouth College. His father had proposed sending him to Yale, but yielded to his son's preference for the former. In his preference and reasons for the same we have an insight to his motives and desires to make the best of his time in acquiring a thorough education. He reasoned with his father thus: Dartmouth is not as widely known an institution as Yale, and is therefore likely to have a class of students more desirous of acquiring an education than the mere name of having obtained a diploma from a more popular institution. Such motives and pleading did credit to his head and heart, and we know not which to admire most. Soon after entering college he wrote home to a younger brother, advising him of the importance of a good education, and urging him to diligence in his studies: "I hope you will not consider it as a matter of no consequence to get a finished education." Of himself he writes: "There is nothing I do more desire now than health and ability to achieve my college course with honor and success. I have had all my lessons perfect when called on to recite, and there is no fear that I shall be among the last of my class." His hope to "achieve his college course with honor and success" was realized to the gratification of all his friends, as will be seen from the following extracts of letters written to his father by Dr. Lord, President of the college: "It gives me great pleasure to inform you that your son's course at college during the term now closed has been upright and honorable. He is a diligent and good student, and has gained the confidence and commendation of his teachers." Near the close of his course he writes again: "It gives me great pleasure to inform you of your son's good health, and his near approach to an honorable graduation. He has gained a high standing. I am happy to say, also, that he will appear on the board, and doubtless acquit himself well at the coming commencement. I think him capable of any service to which he may be called in life." From a catalogue now before us we find that he graduated



in 1838, standing third in a class of fifty-eight. Thus his own modest prediction on entering college, "There is no fear that I shall be among the last of my class," was more than fulfilled. He was not among the last, but among the first.

Soon after his graduation he returned to his home in Cincinnati, and entered the office of Dr. Potter, as a student of medicine, and, after tending the usual course of lectures, graduated with credit at the Medical College of Ohio, in March, 1861. In the summer of 1860 a vacancy occurred in the Commercial Hospital at Cincinnati, and, although an undergraduate, Dr. Ingram was recommended and appointed to the position, "and filled the station to the satisfaction of every one." In the spring of 1861 he opened an office in Cincinnati, with every prospect of success. But the "sound of battle in the land" reached and touched his loyal, true, and sympathetic heart, and leaving all behind, went to New York and presented himself before the "Medical Examining Board" as a candidate for the position of Assistant Surgeon in the army. "He passed the examination with great credit, standing fifth in a class of twenty-eight." When we consider his youth, as a man and as a physician, this was no mean tribute to the abilities and attainments of our young friend, in the profession of his choice. On the 28th of May, 1861, he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army. Touching the life of Dr. Ingram as a physician, we prefer to let his friends and associates in his own profession speak. We have before us a half a score or more of letters from such friends, who knew him intimately and well, all bearing the same testimony and earnest admiration of his many and noble virtues. Our only difficulty is to select from a few what is said as wisely and well in all. But at the risk of being partial, we introduce here an article from the *American Journal of Medical Sciences* for July, 1866, written by his intimate friend, Dr. C. R. Greenleaf:

"NECROLOGY.—Alexander Ingram was born in Macduff, near Banff, Scotland, December 12, 1837, while his parents were on a visit to their native land. In the fall of 1840 they

returned to this country with their son, and settled near Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1854 he entered Dartmouth College, and in 1858 graduated third in his class. On returning to Cincinnati, he entered the office of Dr. Potter, as a student of medicine, and after attending the usual course of lectures, graduated with credit at the Medical College of Ohio, in March, 1861; spending his last year of his student life as an 'interne' in the Commercial Hospital in that city, where his affability and studious habits endeared him both to the faculty and to all with whom he was associated.

"After graduating he opened an office in Cincinnati, with every prospect of success, but abandoned it upon the breaking out of the war, and presented himself before the Army Medical Board, in New York City, for examination for the position of Assistant Surgeon in the army, passing fifth in a class of twenty-eight, and receiving his commission on the 28th of May, 1861.

"He was first assigned to duty in the hospitals for regulars, in C Street, Washington, D. C.; then in the Union Hotel Hospital, Georgetown, D. C., to the charge of which he soon succeeded by the resignation of Assistant Surgeon Gænslen, United States Army, who joined the army of the rebellion; he then organized and was assigned to the charge of the 'Circle' Hospital, Washington, D. C., remaining there until October 3, 1861, when he was assigned to duty with the Second United States Cavalry, McDowell's division, Army of the Potomac, at that time encamped near Washington. This regiment accompanied the army on its first grand movement in March, 1862, and Dr. Ingram remained with it throughout the entire Peninsular campaign, participating with it in the battles at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Hanover C. H., Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mills, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, the second Bull Run, South Mountain, and Antietam, and remaining with it until December 10, 1862, when, on account of his health, which had suffered severe inroads from the exposure of the field and active campaigning, he was assigned to the charge of the St. Aloysius's Hospital, Washington, D. C., where he remained



until its discontinuance, when he was assigned to the charge of the Judiciary Square Hospital.

"In August, 1864, he was assigned, at his own request, to duty in the Department of the Pacific, and on arriving at San Francisco, California, October 10, 1864, was assigned to the duty in that city of attending officers and their families, and as a member of the examining board for medical officers of the volunteer service.

"Upon this duty he remained until February 6, 1865, when he was assigned as Surgeon-in-chief of the troops in Southern California, with his station at Monterey, and remained at the port until the following July, when he was ordered to Cape Disappointment, Washington Territory, and embarked July 28, 1865, in company with Brevet Brigadier-General George Wright, United States Army, commanding the department, on the ill-fated steamer *Brother Jonathan*, which, on the 30th of July, struck a sunken rock of the coast of California, opposite Camp Lincoln, and about six miles north of Crescent City, and with her precious freight went to the bottom in a few minutes; sixteen souls only out of all on board were saved to tell the sad tale.

"But few men possess the qualities, both mental and physical, which were embodied in Dr. Ingram; of frank, manly countenance, fine physique, and graceful carriage, with a disposition at once gentle but firm, kind and considerate, and a heart as susceptible as a woman's, he was, indeed, the *beau ideal* of a man.

"As a surgeon he had but few superiors; a thorough anatomist, and possessed of most excellent judgment, he was rapid in his decisions, and bold and daring in his operative procedures, and his contributions of pathological specimens to the Army Medical Museum are mute evidence of the zeal with which the practice of his profession was pursued. His skill as a physician was universally admitted; his gentle nature and winning manners endeared him to his patients; his kindness and appreciation of suffering was proverbial, and many a prayer from the fevered lips of the sick soldier has gone to the Throne of Grace in behalf of this physician,



whose cheerful face and kind consoling words shed such a glow of sunshine on the hearts of his country's defenders.

"In the regiment with which he served (the Second United States Cavalry) he was a great favorite; his consideration for and devotion to the men, who always received his earliest attention and warmest sympathies, converted into an attachment that respect which they could not but feel for him as an officer, and his courage and fearlessness commanded the admiration of all his brother officers; always at his post, heedless of any danger, sacrificing his personal comfort on all occasions for the comfort of the wounded, and scrupulously attentive to all their wants, can it be wondered at that this soldier surgeon was beloved by all who knew him?

"The following paragraph, written by one of his comrades, attests the affection with which he was regarded by them:

"Many are the brave hearts and noble souls, over whose almost lifeless forms he watched from night till morn, and till night again, and whose every want was anticipated and administered to, as is that of the dying babe by the fond and affectionate mother. *Soldiers* feel his loss as none but soldiers can feel, and soldiers' prayers ascend to Heaven with his soul.'"—C. R. G.

In a "brief tribute to his memory" by the *Faculty of the Medical College of Ohio* we find the following reference to his skill as a surgeon. "At the time of his death, Dr. Ingram had not reached the age of twenty-eight. It is but seldom that one so young has given such indubitable assurances of a brilliant future. Already had he performed with great skill some of the most important operations for the repair of gunshot injuries, and for his success he had awarded him the warm praise of his superiors and the more experienced surgeons."

We might add to the number of these testimonials to his character as a physician and surgeon, but as his career was short, and we have to anticipate much that might have been achieved by him had his youthful and promising life been prolonged, so must we as suddenly, and with all the appear-

ance of abruptness, close our account of his chosen work, and leave unsaid much that might be wisely and truthfully said of his life, and hasten with him to the solemn scenes and circumstances attending his sad and mournful death. We had almost said untimely death, for to us his sun went down before its noon. But the Lord of life does nothing out of due season. Everything is done in the fullness of time. There is a work to be done, and when it is accomplished man ceases from his labors. Man measures his day by YEARS, God by WORK. When that is done, though it seems to us in the morning or at noon, it is to God the evening or timely close of life's eventful day. So Alex.'s death was timely. His work was done, God only knows how well, when the gallant old ship went down and the sea closed over his manly form.

The time and place and some of the circumstances of his death have already been noticed, but we now propose to give them more in detail. A few weeks previous to his death, "home" had been advised: "Monterey is much given to dancing and dissipation, of which I am heartily tired, and as I will be in San Francisco in a few weeks, I will make application for a change of location." Another note, bearing date July 28th, was received, informing his parents that he would sail that day on the *Brother Jonathan*. In a few days the rumor came that the *Brother Jonathan was lost with nearly all on board*. Then that painful suspense which no tongue can tell, but which so many hearts felt as they eagerly waited and watched for the brave soldier's, son's, and brother's first letter after some bloody battle of the rebellion, took possession of and filled the hearts of father and mother, and sisters and brothers, with conflicting hopes and fears as they waited and watched for the coming of the familiar letter. They waited long—long, indeed, to them—but was there not enough of hope in "nearly" to keep a mother's hope alive, that her son was still among the living? But as an end to all their suspense, the long-looked for letter, post-marked San Francisco, California, was received. But upon it there was a black seal, and a stranger's hand had written, "*Father of Dr. Alex. Ingram, late U. S. A., Bellbrook, Ohio.*" That "hand writing"



on the envelope, that word "late," and that "black seal" confirmed their fears, and sealed their hopes forever. The inclosed note was but a transcript of what his parents read at a glance upon the envelop. But with trembling hands they opened and read: "Alexander Ingram, U. S. A., was on board of the *Brother Jonathan* that sailed from this city July 28th and was lost July 30th. He was among those whose loss is much lamented, a true man to himself, his friends, and his God, beloved by all who knew him, and lamented by the community generally." To his mother his was a dual death, as it recalled and reproduced afresh the scenes and circumstances of a brother's death, who, some years since, was wrecked and lost upon the sea. Through her tears she saw the two wrecks together, and brother and son struggling, and strangling, and sinking amid the angry waves.

It is natural for us to desire a detailed account of the closing scenes of a life in which we have been much interested. We have a desire to know how the faith professed in life sustains the soul in the hour of death, and the immediate prospect of judgment and eternity. But praiseworthy as our desires are they are not now to be gratified, for few only were saved alive to tell the story of the wreck, and none to tell the story of Alexander's death. But those who knew his life know his death. Comforting and useful as dying words often are, a pure and holy life are surer evidences of future life and joy than all the death-bed language that was ever spoken. Surrounded by the vain and frivolous amusements of Monterey, upon which little minds and smaller hearts subsist, his pure spirit longed, as it were, for the wings of a dove that he might fly away and be at rest. And I would not discourage the parents' hope that he has found rest from all the cares, trials, and sorrows of life, not upon the golden shores of the Pacific Coast, but amid the golden streets of the Holy City, in that better country where there is "no sea."

In noticing some of the more prominent traits of Dr. Ingram's character, we would be doing injustice to his memory if we in any way overlooked or failed to speak of him as a son and brother. In these relations we have in him a model

of filial and fraternal affection. This we must not overlook, because it is in a man's relation to his family that we have the best test of his character. We need not go further than the home circle to read his life through and through. Here we turn and read the red-leaved pages of his heart as it is. Many men, and even women, when they go from home dress and polish up their characters as well as their persons in the most showy and attractive style; but when they return they not only exchange their good dress but their good address for another that is not at all attractive, and often times repulsive. The home dress is the one in which you must see them to know them; there is no hypocrisy in the kitchen. The fashionable world has made such attainments in masking the true character that, when on "dress-parade," nothing of the true man or woman is seen. The young man who is ashamed of his honest old father at home, who has labored and toiled to give him what little education or brains he has got, may pass for the *beau ideal* of honor and filial affection among his fashionable associates and friends when from home; but because he is courteous and considerate toward some young lady's father, and is gallant and affectionate toward some other one's sister, is not always a reason why we should conclude that he is even human toward his own. The young lady in the parlor, surrounded by a company of admiring listeners, may play and sing with heart-trembling emotion and tearful affection, "*Who will Care for Mother now?*" when at the same time the poor old mother, who is the object of so much affection in the parlor, is in the back kitchen in the wash-tub, caring for herself, her accomplished and affectionate daughter, and perhaps all the rest of the family. So that it is possible for us to write much of persons in their relation to others outside the family, and yet say little of their heart-life. But we are willing to introduce our readers into the heart of the home circle, and let them study the character of Dr. Ingram there, for it is there that his virtues shine the brightest and challenge our warmest admiration. It will be necessary for us to remark here that during the financial crises of 1857, his father was one of the many thou-



sands who experienced, to a great extent, a reverse of fortune. As this was before Alexander's graduation it was something of an effort to provide the means for him to finish his course, but from his letters we find that it was more painful and embarrassing for him to receive the remittance from home than it was for his parents to give, always expressing his fears lest it should deny them some of the comforts of life. But through the joint efforts of himself and the family at home, he finished his course and entered upon the practice of his profession, and from that time till the time of his death every dollar that he could spare from a frugal living was sent home, only regretting that he had not more to send. As his father remarked: "He acted more like a father than a son."

And so have we learned from his letters written, in turn, to his father and mother, and all his brothers and sisters, modestly giving them counsel and encouragement upon almost all the subjects that relate to their welfare, finance, health, education, religion, etc., and always assuring them how keenly he felt for them in their misfortune.

These letters will give our readers a clearer view of his affection for his family, and his anxiety for their welfare, than anything that we can say, and for this reason we here introduce extracts from a portion of them.

Under date Washington, D. C., September 12, 1863, he writes to his father: "I am glad to know that Jennie is getting ready for school again, and agree with you on the importance of her going to a good institution. By all means let her go as soon as term commences and you determine where to send her. If it is not convenient for you to pay her expenses, it will give me pleasure to assume the pecuniary responsibility. I think I will be able to do so, certainly will if I am ordered away from Washington, as I hope to be soon, for I am sick and tired of the place. I think it almost equally important that George should go to some good school now. If it could be arranged so that he could be sent to Cincinnati, I think he might have advantages there and John could have an eye to him. If I was at all permanent in my present position I would bring him on here. I think he

ought to take up such studies as will fit him for college should it be possible to send him, as I hope it will, by the time he is old enough. I would like to see him enter college by the time he is sixteen, and he could not lose anything by fitting himself now to enter at that age or younger, even if it became necessary to defer or omit a collegiate education, which I regard as of great advantage, but not indispensable in the education of a boy. Let me know when you write what the prospect is of his taking up some more advanced studies. Mary must not think I forget her because I do not write more about her. I think she is too young to study any more than she does now. She is smart enough for a little girl, and must run about until she gets stronger, then she can study hard. I am getting along as well as usual. There is not much doing here now in my line. I did not see the paper you spoke of in your letter as alluding to my hospital; am glad to know they spoke well of me. Why does not some one at home write oftener?" Again he writes: "I think it is of the utmost importance that Jennie should go this fall, and tell her for me that I hope she will have some ambition in preparing herself; that she has not been at school all the time is no reason she should not be improving constantly. She is getting old enough to reflect about the subject and feel some pride in it. Jennie ought to prove an accomplished woman, and I believe will. Give her my love, and tell her I will write a long letter soon to her." Alluding to their financial affairs, he writes to his mother: "I am now in hopes, from letters I have received from father and William, that affairs will turn out more prosperously than they promised some time ago. I sincerely trust so, for hard fortune has followed us long, and I feel it none the less because I am not with you. However I try to look on these trials as I used to on the hardships and exposure in the field, and keep a cheerful appearance with as light a heart as possible, even in the most trying times. I know when each face presents a cheerful look to companions the road is shorter and the muscles less tired than when each one broods over the dark side of the picture, or only speaks to dishearten companions. I



have little to write about myself that you have not already heard from my letters to father and William. I enjoy my usual happy exemption from anything like sickness; I live here very comfortably and pleasantly, for I have made a good many pleasant acquaintances about Washington. Still I feel a little desolate at times for want of anything like a home feeling, but I have got to be too old a campaigner to allow myself to get the blues very often on any account. When I feel myself getting very disconsolate I get out my horse and take a good ride; that I find to be a specific against despondency; whether the effect is due to the rapid motion and exercise, or to the idea of being exalted a little above the earth I do not know, but it is true nevertheless."

Writing about the same time and upon the same subject to William, he says: "Your letter was duly received, was glad to hear that you were all well, but am sorry that the affairs of the farm have not gone more prosperously, particularly as the times are so very uncertain as to make it useless to start in any business. I hope father will not invest any money, should he get any out of the farm, in any experimental business. It seems to me that should it be necessary to leave the place soon, it would be better to get some pleasant place to live, to go and stay with uncle, for I am sure he would be glad to have one long visit from father, and it would certainly be a relief to father to get one good rest from the cares and troubles of business. I know he needs it, and he should have it even if he had a smooth road in good times to business. Tell him that I hope he will do himself the justice, should he leave the present place, to live without any care for a time; I wish he would write to me soon himself, for I am very anxious to know just how matters stand and what he proposes. And you, 'Will,' must not be discouraged, but be as cheerful as you can about affairs. You are young and strong, and have, I trust, a clear head; do not, then, let present misfortunes make you melancholy or desponding. The real cause of happiness in any state in life is contentment and a determination to do our duty and do our best. It is hard for you, and so it is for all of us; I do

not feel the trials of fortune less because I am not with you. I trust, if you have not already acquired a taste for reading and study, so as to improve your mind and education more completely, you will do so. You certainly can appreciate the importance of such a course should you find it necessary to go back to the city and enter upon any course of life there."

Financial affairs having taken a favorable turn, under date San Francisco, California, October 28, 1864, he writes to his brother William, giving counsel and comfort on another subject: "Your letter just reached me to-day; was glad to hear of your safe return from the army without impairment of health. You may during your service have had occasion to observe that people do not often get sick when the laws of health are observed, except from causes constantly operating and which can not be avoided, such as malaria, effluvia from filthy camps, etc., and that sickness is the rule when such laws are violated. You must not forget that the advice I gave you, if good at all, is equally good in civil as in military life. I was very sorry to hear of the sickness of Jennie and Mary, and trust that both are well by this time. I have the same solicitude, even greater, than that you express about trusting any of the family in the hands of medical men you know nothing about, but there is no middle way, if you consult a doctor you must either follow his directions or have nothing at all to do with him. It would be almost impossible for me to advise judiciously in any case so far away, but knowing Mary's delicate organization, I can safely advise that she should not, if possible to avoid it, be subjected to any system of treatment that would reduce her strength, and as there is but one way to sustain the system and keep up strength, viz., to nourish it; Mary must have plenty of nourishment. She can not be starved into health. When she can not eat substantial food she must take some good chicken broth or beef tea, milk, eggs, or any very plain food she can fancy. I am sorry I can not see Jennie and Mary, for though I might not advise the most judiciously, I would study very hard to prevent any wrong being done, and if



there was any fault it would be of omission and not of commission, and that is always best in my profession. Tell the sick people they must hurry up their convalescence, and write to me that they are well. I suppose Jennie will be at home by the time you receive this; I have written to both of them, also to John and Georgie, so you all heard about my safe and pleasant trip. Tell mother that I am just fixed in my quarters, and that I am wonderfully comfortable and at home, considering that I only moved yesterday into them." These are but a specimen of his letters; they all breathe the same kind and commendable spirit, and every one of them might be published just as they are without detracting anything from his character as a scholar, and a kind, noble-hearted man. From the following extract taken from a most beautiful and comforting letter, written by Mrs. Dr. Greenleaf to his parents, on receiving the news of his death, we may learn something of the mingled feelings of noble pride and brotherly affection with which he regarded his two sisters, and also the esteem in which he was held in a family where he found a second home when in the army: "I well remember the pleasure he evinced when he gave me little Mary's first letter to read. Jennie, too, I have often heard of, and I hope some day to be acquainted with her for his sake who now sleeps in his watery home, but it is not there where I think of him, but among those blessed friends who will meet us on the happy shores of eternity. He used to accompany me often to our little church in Georgetown, and many is the conversation we have had on holy things. Almost every spot of our old home is fraught with some pleasant memories of him. His name is one of our household words, and our little boy knows him only as uncle Alex." In a letter to his father, Major Billings writes: "He was not happy although very few would have suspected it, for his real secret feelings he kept very much to himself. His last letters to me from California showed an improvement in his spirits." The secret of this has already been given in his letter to his mother, and the more cheerful tone of his letters from California is accounted for from the fact that about the time he

left Washington the financial affairs of the family took a more favorable turn, and they were once more in comfortable circumstances, and his heart, true to their interest and beating in sympathy with theirs in prosperity and adversity, began to rejoice again.

Dr. Ingram was a man of great energy of character. What has been said of an eminent Scotch divine, may with great propriety be said of him: "In his natural disposition there was a deep-toned energy united with a remarkable degree of self-control, great caution with great courage, great deliberation with great decision, great indulgence and benevolence with great sternness and determination." In this feature of his character we find the secret of his success as a physician and surgeon. The apostles of no other science or profession require more tenderness and, at the same time, more apparent severity or sternness of feeling than the apostles of this. He who is wanting in either, whatever else may be his qualifications, can not rise to great eminence in the healing art. But he who combines them both, other things being equal, must take high rank among the true apostles of suffering humanity, and must, as this young physician did, whenever he mingled with the suffering, by his looks, his voice, and his presence, bring hope and life to those who are ready to perish. His deep-toned energy, combined with great physical endurance, not only made him active but capable of performing almost an incredible amount of labor. He was never idle. He was not among those

"That creep  
Into this busy world to eat and sleep,  
And know no reason why they're born,  
But merely to consume the corn;  
And if their tomb-stones when they die  
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,  
There's nothing better will be said,  
Than that they've eat up all their bread,  
Drunk all their drink and gone to bed."

Always engaged in something, and in whatever engaged he brought to it all the energy of his strength. Though no

polished stone of Parian marble can ever be placed where his body is laid, yet with his own skillful hand, before his death, he had hewn out for himself a more enduring monument, and placed it forever in the memories of those among whom he lived, and labored, and toiled, and suffered, in his efforts to heal and save.

But those who knew him best will not be disposed to question the truth of the statement when we say that *nobleness of heart* was one of the distinguishing and perhaps the governing characteristic of Dr. Ingram. He was above an ignoble deed. His warm and generous soul had no sympathy with that which is sordid and selfish. An ignoble mind is not always an humble mind. In the true sense of the term it is never humble. It is only the ignorant man who has not yet learned how ignorant he is who prides and plumes himself upon his attainments. But modesty is always the inseparable companion of a noble heart. The noble-hearted aspire to be not only great but good. And the greater their attainments in knowledge and in virtue the greater their humility. The ratio between that which is yet to be attained and that to which they have already attained is so vast, so infinite, that the distance between them and those who are beneath them appears as nothing, and their charity is great for the mental dwarfs and moral pigmies that strut at their feet and walk between their knees. Yet they maintain their moral and intellectual elevation, and still aspire to higher and nobler views and deeds of virtue. Of such was Dr. Ingram. Naturally of a kind and generous heart, as he grew and increased in knowledge he grew and increased in the more mild, lovely, and attractive virtues of his character, repelling none but winning all by his frank and generous disposition. As Rev. Wright has said of him, when a boy, "He was the only boy I ever knew who, while unmistakably a favorite with the teacher, was equally so with his fellow-pupils," so can it with equal justice be said of him in all his intercourse with his fellow-men. While he had the esteem and confidence of his superiors, he had the love and admiration of his inferiors. The testimony is abundant that while "every officer who



knew him was his friend," the "commonest soldier felt that in Dr. Alex. he, too, had a friend." None but a noble heart could thus secure the confidence, the admiration, the love of all; for the man who is most devotedly in love with himself is in no great danger of having even a single rival for the object of his affections. His own love and admiration are all that he can ever have. But he who is unselfish, kind, and considerate for the welfare of others will never be without friends who are kind and considerate toward him. In a letter to his father, Dr. Greenleaf pays the following just and beautiful tribute to his memory: "I trust, my dear sir, you will accept my heart-felt sympathy in the loss which you have sustained. Associated with Alex. soon after the commencement of his professional studies, his companion upon 'the benches,' his friend during our hospital life, and the sharer of many a hard day with him in the field, I learned to love him as a brother, and looked up to him as one who could well set an example of all that was noble and good in man; endeared to him by a manifestation of the most heroic self-denial, during our tour of duty together in Washington, I almost revered him during his life, and many a time have prayed for his noble, self-sacrificing spirit to extend its wings over my own disposition. As an officer he was beloved by all who knew him; the commonest soldier felt that in 'Dr. Alex.' he had a friend, and the commanding officer knew upon whom his reliance could be placed in time of need. Cool, collected, and a perfect master of his knife, few excelled him as an operator; warm-hearted, sympathizing, gentle, and with the best of judgments, none excelled him as a physician; brave without rashness, dignified and fearless, the soldier surgeon was a model for his brother officers, and few felt so keenly his loss as those dashing cavalry men of the Second who, through the vicissitudes of the Peninsular campaign, the darkness of Bull Run, and the glorious dash at Antietam, always found a cheerful companion in Dr. Alex., and in him also a regenerator of their war-worn spirits." Dr. Billings writes: "Every officer in the army who knew him was his friend, and those who knew him best

and longest were the most warmly attached to him. I am expressing not only my own opinion but that of every one of the corps, when I say that he was a skillful, prudent, and bold surgeon; a cool, brave, and entirely reliable officer, and as true and gallant a gentleman as has ever entered the service."

Now that Dr. Ingram is gone, his body to the sea and his spirit to God who gave it, at least every Christian who reads these memorial pages is solicitous of knowing, if his spirit went up to meet his covenanted Lord, or at least to know if his views and life in reference to "the one thing needful," were such as to cherish, encourage, and strengthen the hope that he is blessed and happy in the love of Jesus. As he regards "sincere, consistent, and unobtrusive piety the greatest ornament to any character," he is anxious that a character composed of and adorned with so many noble traits, should be crowned with the crowning virtue—the Christian faith. And did we close our sketch just here to all such our silence would be painful. But we have no disposition to leave our readers to infer from our silence that his soul was silent and voiceless in praise to his God, for there is something encouraging to be said in reference to his faith and life as a Christian. Knowing well that all the fulsome praise that we might lavish on his memory now, yet strictly in keeping with the extravagant and customary eulogies of the times, will neither change his destiny nor benefit the living, we will endeavor plainly to give the facts of his life, leaving each and every one to draw their own conclusions and cherish their own hopes. He was born of Christian parents and early given to the Lord in baptism, and they have the Christian's hope that their offering was accepted, and most precious in God's sight. The true principles of the Christian religion were early instilled into his mind, and when he was older they were not forgotten. Though, we regret to say—and it was a regret to him—he never publicly professed his faith by uniting with the church; yet this was occasioned more from his unsettled life than from any want of desire to join with the people of God in commemorating a living Saviour's love. It must be remembered that from the time he was sixteen,



with the exception of a few short intervals, he was absent from his father's house, and had no permanent home. In conversation with his parents on this subject, he regretted much that his unsettled life was such as to deny him the privilege of regularly attending the public ordinances of God's worship. We find, however, in a letter to his parents from a Christian friend, when opportunity afforded he was a frequenter of the house of God; when in the army "He used to accompany me often to our little church in Georgetown, and many is the conversation we have had in holy things." That his heart was not a stranger to the nature of true piety we may learn from a letter written to his sister Jennie about two months before his death: "You wrote to me, Jennie, in your last letter that you had joined the church. I want to assure you of the great pleasure the news gave me. I do not regard such things as of minor importance, on the contrary, I think sincere, consistent, and unobtrusive piety the greatest ornament to any character, male or female, but scarcely can the character of a woman be womanly without it. I hope and trust that you have acted deliberately in the matter, and from a sincere and lasting conviction of right, and not from any emotional impulse; and I hope you will continue to cultivate and cherish a real Christian heart. I have only one caution to give you, doubtless it is unnecessary but it is important, and I will risk writing what is superfluous. My caution is, not to allow your religion to be ostentatious and obtrusive. A Christian woman's sphere is to show, by her life and her relation to all around her, the beauty of a Christian character. I know many young members of the church, and some older ones, who assume from that very fact a superiority in goodness and a right to condemn others. I do not fear that such will be your course; such a feeling does not come from a truly Christian heart, for the truly Christian heart is essentially humble."

If it be true that from the informal and private correspondence of friends we learn the language of their hearts, then was the language of our young friend's heart that of a truly Christian man. In his expression of joy over his sister's

profession of faith in Christ, do we not discover a heart that beats in sympathy with things unseen and heavenly? And in his Christian portrait, drawn so true to grace, may not his hand, unconsciously guided by soul-sympathy, have sketched its features from the sentiments, the emotions and sympathies of his own heart? so that in looking on it we at once discover the resemblance to the noble-hearted man, dutiful son, and affectionate brother and friend, Alexander Ingram.

His is a noble record. Manhood's stamp  
Had set its seal upon his lofty brow,  
Where the dark tresses clustered thick and damp;  
Ah! it is cold, and white, and clammy now.  
And the strong arms are folded on his breast,  
That breast so freely bared at duty's call;  
The brave warm heart lies still in pulseless rest,  
Alas! that earth's best heroes thus should fall!

Brother, son, friend, sweet names! *he* bore them all,  
And bearing them made each a sacred word;  
But never more within his father's hall,  
As in days of old, will they be heard.  
Our lips will speak them with a sadder tone,  
Our hearts will echo them and then will sigh,  
And fancy that we hear the sobbing moan  
Of wailing billows breaking black and high.

For the wild ocean held him on its breast,  
And sobbed as his brave soul went home to God;  
If it still holds him shall his form not rest  
As sweetly as beneath the church-yard's sod?  
Yet we would fain believe that some green spot,  
Where flowers may bloom and sweet spring grasses wave,  
Is sacred as his resting-place, and not  
The yellow shining sand or sounding cave.

He sleeps in peace! we would not break that sleep,  
Nor call him back to this cold, weary life;  
What if we sometimes have to pause and weep,  
We smile that he is free from all its strife.  
So let him sleep! while lightly on his brow  
Rests his fair wreath of well-wrought, manly years,  
And warriors in their pride and manhood bow,  
And honor him and manhood by their tears.

AVANDLE L. HOLMES.



## THE SISTER'S GRIEF.

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AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO JENNIE I—.

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You ask me why I sit and sigh,  
And why no more I'm glad,  
And tears so oft bedew mine eye,  
And why my voice is sad.

You'll wonder not when I have told  
The cause of all my tears;  
Or why my brow seems scarred and old,  
As if with weight of years.

Near California's golden coast,  
A gallant ship\* went down,  
And he who was my pride and boast,  
Whose graces, like a crown,

Shone on his manly face and form;  
My brother! true and brave,  
With hundreds, in that fearful storm,  
Went down beneath the wave.

Oh God! the heavy weight of woe,  
That settled on our home,  
And quenched in night its warmth and glow,  
When that sad news were come.

What grief and desolation fell  
Upon each loving heart;  
The echo of a funeral knell,  
That never can depart.

\* The Brother Jonathan, July 30, 1865.

My mother with a whitened cheek,  
Moves round with footsteps slow;  
And father's voice, when he doth speak,  
Is pitiful of woe.

My brothers, too, a mournful spell  
Seems on their young hearts laid,  
And all their joys, once loved so well,  
Neglected lie and fade.

And, I, who once was in the crowd,  
The gayest of the gay,  
In sable robes, now crushed and bowed,  
Could weep my life away.

I can not laugh, I can not sing,  
And I can smile no more,  
For ever in my ears doth ring,  
That mad sea's sullen roar.

And in my dreams by day and night,  
Wherever I may be,  
Uprises on my stricken sight,  
That wreck upon the sea.

And down beneath the waves I view,  
My brother slumbering there,  
The death-film o'er his eyes of blue,  
The sand amid his hair.

While slimy fish go gliding o'er  
The cheeks I once caressed,  
And pillowed in the days of yore,  
Upon a loving breast.

While cruel monsters of the deep,  
About him hungry crowd,  
And tangled weeds in many a heap,  
Have woven him a shroud.

Oh! would that I might drop a veil  
Upon that fearful scene,  
And hide each specter gaunt and pale,  
That ever flits between.

Oh! would that I might close mine ears  
Unto that maddening roar,  
And wipe away these bitter tears,  
And grieve and sigh no more.

But in my dreams by night and day,  
Wherever I may be,  
I view the water's wild affray,  
That wreck upon the sea.

And yet I can not make him dead,  
But start, and quivering wait,  
When on the path I hear a tread,  
Or clicking of the gate;

Or springing up I smooth my hair,  
And hasten to the door,  
And think to see him standing there,  
As in the days of yore.

It is not he; I turn away,  
With still a deeper woe;  
And life seems one long wintry day,  
Filled up with frost and snow.

He was the idol of our home,  
The cherished one of all;  
And oh! to think the deep sea's foam,  
Is now his funeral pall.

'T was sin in us to love him so,  
But when a saint is given,  
To dwell with mortals here below,  
With graces born of Heaven,

What wonder if our hearts entwine  
Round him with deathless love?  
As doth the trusting ivy vine,  
To arches far above.

And oh! we thought this earth ne'er held  
A spirit pure as he.  
Woe! for death's cruel hand that felled,  
And hid him 'neath the sea.



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And we must mourn, yea, ever mourn,  
For him must ever yearn,  
Until we seek that silent bourne,  
From which he'll ne'er return.

Until the wailings of the sea,  
The waves whereon he tossed,  
In Heaven's eternal melody  
And bliss, are ever lost.

ANNIE HOWE THOMSON.